Congratulatory Poem

ON THE

TRANSLATION

OF THE

Right Reverend Father in GOD,

EDMUND,

From the See of LINCOLN,

To the See of LONDON.

Jer. iii. 15.

I will give you Paſtors according to mine Heart, who ſhall feed you with Knowledge and Underſtanding.

LONDON,

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A

Congratulatory Poem,

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Right Reverend Father in GOD,

EDMUND, &c.

AS diff'ring *Parties* once did All agree
On Great *Saint AMBROSE*, for their *vacant See*:
So now, contending *Parties* with one Voice
Applaud His MAJESTY's impartial Choice
Of One as Great, to be our *Sacred Guide*;
And in the SEE of *LONDON* to preſide.

True

True *Merit*, like the *Sun*, commands the Sight
Of All that ſee at all, to ſee its Light;
And none in Learned *GIBSON* can decline,
That ſee at all, to ſee true *Merit* ſhine.
Here Nature, Art, Religion, All conſpir'd
To form *One Man*, to be by All admir'd:
In whom we might in full Perfection ſee
The *Moderns Learning* join'd with th' *Ancients*
(*Piety*.

As to his Learning, All allow it ſuch,
In ev'ry Branch, that None had yet as much:
But where it reaches further, None can ſhow;
The World it ſelf wants Learning yet to know.
For where All Others ſtopt, as Trav'lers tir'd,
He ſtill to new Diſcoveries aſpir'd.
Thro' Learning's Wilds, and o'er its Heights
(ſublime,
Not path'd by Man, or long unpath'd by Time,
He ſtill went on, as Thoſe that ſought *Peru*,
With Pace unwearied; but a nobler View.

They

They Mines of Gold, but *GIBSON* to explore
Thoſe Mines of Knowledge None found out before,
Which far outſhine *Potoſi*'s Golden Oar.

He travell'd not for Lands conceal'd, I own,
In *Polar Circles*, or the *Torrid Zone*.
But tho' he did not round the *Ocean* roam
For *Worlds* abroad; He found a *World* at Home.
He found his Native *Land*, which is the Beſt;
The *Britiſh World*, the *Center* of the reſt.
For tho' we here had liv'd ſome Ages paſt;
We liv'd as Strangers on ſome Iſland caſt,
And ſcarce knew where we ſtood, till *GIBSON* drew
Britannia's *Map*, and plac'd her all in View.
Not only there her preſent Form we know;
But how ſhe look'd Two Thouſand Years ago.
Old *Britain* now with Wonder we behold:
All Things are New, which we ſuppos'd were Old.
Objects ſo ſtrange the Reader's Eyes beguile,
He ſeems convey'd to ſome Enchanted Iſle.
In publick Roads, thro' pathleſs Meads he roves,
And walks on naked Hills thro' ſhady Groves;

Diſcerns from Fallow'd Fields, with ſtrange Surprize,
Old *Britiſh Towns*, and *Roman Forts* ariſe:
And *Men*, and *Arms*, and *Coins*, and *All* appear,
As if the *Globe* was turn'd, and *India* here.

Such wondrous Scenes are ſeen in ev'ry Page;
No curious Tale could more his Mind engage.
But when Reflection tells him, All he ſees
Are real Truths, ſtill more the Pages pleaſe.
From reading pleaſing Truths ſuch Pleaſures flow,
As All the Tales of *France* can ne'er beſtow.
CAMDEN, 'tis true, the Noble Work began,
And bears the Name, tho' His was ſcarce a Plan
Of what is finiſh'd by a Greater *Man*.
So *Romulus* bequeath'd his Name to *Rome*,
Tho' then a paltry Village, built of Loom.
But BRITAIN now, by *GIBSON*'s Hand is wrought,
The Wonder of the World, as *Rome* was thought.
He's juſtly then advanc'd to LONDON's Seat
By his BRITANNIA, whom He made ſo Great.
Whom could ſhe better raiſe to ſuch a *Poſt*
Than Him, to whom She was indebted moſt?

Who

Who clear'd the *Miſt* that long her *Face* o'erſpread,
And rais'd her *Ancient Glories* from the Dead.

Now we muſt ſhift the Scene, yet ſtill purſue
The Noble Subject in a Nobler View.
No more in *Nature*'s *State* on BRITAIN gaze,
But repreſent Her in a *State* of Grace.
For now *Another Book* demands our Search,
That bears the *Model* of the *Britiſh Church*;
Where we may ſee her true *Eſtabliſh'd Frame*,
What Pow'r ſhe has, and when, and whence it came.
For next, the *Famous* CODEX claims Applauſe,
The great Defender of the *Church*'s Cauſe,
The *Sacred Ark*, in which She keeps her *Laws*.
Our *Learned Ezra* did Them all collect,
And laid Them Here new-poliſh'd and correct;
From future Injuries of Time ſecur'd,
Better than in an Iron Cheſt immur'd.
What Fate ſoe'er may other Books devour,
This, whilſt the *Church* ſhall ſtand, will ſhow her Pow'r.
And if She rules a Thouſand Years the Land,
There will be then for This the ſame Demand.

Authors

Authors ſhall quote Him long unborn as yet;
And *Judges*, by his *Laws*, their Judgment ſet.

We long in hopeleſs Ignorance had lain,
And ſearch'd whole Libraries for Laws in vain;
Till this Great Library of Laws appear'd,
And all at once our Doubts and Gueſſes clear'd.

We durſt not much in *Manuals* confide,
Tho' each aſſur'd himſelf a faithful Guide.
For ſuch imperfect Abſtracts oft convey'd,
Not what the Law, but what their Authors ſaid.
In many Caſes They confeſs'd their Doubt,
And what we ſought for moſt, was oft left out.
As in ſmall Maps all Things confus'dly lie,
And what we ſeek to find, we can't deſcry.

In others, Laws themſelves indeed were found,
But thin ſprung up, like Corn on barren Ground.
And when we read a thin-crop'd Volume o'er,
And gather'd all the little Fruit it bore,
We found Our ſelves as Needy as before.

But

But now the CODE ſupplies whate'er we lack'd,
And renders uſeleſs ev'ry former Tract.
We need no Book of *Eccleſiaſtick* Laws
But This alone, to ſettle ev'ry Cauſe.
For This contains the Laws of Great and Small,
And has, like *Aaron*'s Rod, devour'd them All.
Each *Statute*, *Canon*, *Rubrick*, All we miſs,
Or want to ſee, are All compris'd in This.

O could I ſee Thee Bound in Half thy Size,
And thy *Five Guineas* ſunk to Half the Price!
That All might equally conſult the Text;
And be no more in Doubts of Law perplext.
Then the Poor *Author* might the Purchaſe buy,
And ev'ry *Title* might a Theme ſupply.

Happy the *Church* that ſees her *Son* enroll'd
Among the *Pillars* that her Pow'r uphold,
To frame New Laws, as He preſerv'd her Old.
Happy the *Clergy*, that their former *Guide*
And *Counſellor*, is now their *Judge* beſide.

But tho' the *Scholar* acts his Part ſo well,
And ſeems in ev'ry *Science* to excel:
Yet ſtill the *Chriſtian* does as far ſurpaſs
The *Scholar* here, as He all *Scholars* has:
If common Fame, and thoſe that know Him beſt,
May be believ'd in what they All atteſt,
Tho' One would judge by what He *Writ* and *Read*,
He ſcarce had Time to think what Life he led.

His Faith is what the *Bleſt Apoſtles* taught;
His Life is what They liv'd, with all their Vertues fraught.
If in the *Scholar*'s Works ſome Faults you ſpy,
The *Chriſtian*'s Works eſcape the ſharpeſt Eye.
Nothing ſeems there miſtaken or obſcure,
The Sence is always Good, the Language Pure.
For there He took th' exacteſt Care to draw
A living *Codex* of each *Goſpel Law*.
And what He lives, He preaches with ſuch Pow'r,
That *Atheiſts* tremble, where They laugh'd before.

How well He liv'd; How well the Truth He prov'd,
When in a *Pariſh* leſſer *Orb* He mov'd,
Hundreds beyond the *River* can declare,
Who daily bleſs his *Miniſterial* Care.
And when the *Church*'s Welfare did require
That He ſhould change that Lower *Sphere* for High'r;
How well the *Biſhop* merited the Name,
The Sighs of LINCOLN for her Loſs proclaim.
So once *Conſtantinople* did bemoan
Her *Chryſoſtom*, when Baniſh'd from his *Throne*.
But ſuch uncommon Bleſſings ſeldom laſt,
And *Patience* is the *Cure* for what is paſt.
GOD knows how long We may the *Prize* poſſeſs;
By wiſhing long, We may enjoy it leſs.
All *vacant Sees* would now the *Crown* foreſtal,
And chuſe Him for their *Biſhop*, as They fall.
May *Auſtin*'s *Chair* be long poſſeſs'd by *WAKE*,
And *Lambeth* not demand her *GIBSON* back,
At leaſt not many Years, for *London*'s Sake.

Hail

Hail *Greateſt Paſtor!* To the *Greateſt Place.*
The Circling *Sun* beholds in all his *Race!*
No *Conqu'ring General* was welcom'd Home
With Greater Love or Praiſe, by *Ancient Rome.*
LONDON, that us'd before to make her Boaſt
Of Buildings, Goods, and Ships from ev'ry Coaſt,
Now All forgets, or ſeems to do at leaſt,
Whilſt all her Thoughts are on her *Biſhop* plac'd.
His Praiſe in ev'ry *Publick Place* we meet,
And *GIBSON*'s Name is heard in ev'ry *Street.*
But all this Praiſe is but a Debt of Fame,
Which ſuch tranſcendent Worth might juſtly claim.

Had *Tranſmigration* of the *Soul* agreed
With *Scripture Truth*, or not oppos'd my *Creed*;
I ſhould believe, and in my Verſe profeſs,
There dwelt in Thee ſome great *Primæval Gueſt*,
Some *Apoſtolick Soul*, whom Heav'n had ſent
Once more, to bid the ſinful World repent.
In whom *Old Piety* again might live,
And ev'ry *Martyr'd* Chriſtian *Grace* revive.

That

That theſe degen'rate Times might once behold,
And learn of Thee, what *Chriſtians* were of Old.
But tho' we can't th' *Hypotheſis* allow,
Yet what They were, All grant that Thou art now.

What thronging *Crouds* did to *Saint Paul*'s repair,
When th' *Apoſtolick Man* aſſum'd the *Chair*.
Some on his *Venerable Form* to gaze,
And carry Home the *Picture* of his Face:
Whilſt others, more conſiderate and wiſe,
Stood Learning his *Devotion* with Surprize,
His awful Voice, upliſted Hands and Eyes.
In the mean Time, the *Youth* their *Vows* renew'd,
Trembling before the *Godlike Form* they view'd.
All ſtood amaz'd, when He, with Accent grave,
And ſolemn Air, the *Benediction* gave.
The Voice expreſs'd ſuch Majeſty and Grace,
As if ſome *Angel* bleſs'd Them in his Place.

O that We could one Bleſſing more procure!
That Heav'n that gave us This, would This enſure!
That You, *My Lord*, might long adorn the *Chair*,
And *lay* your *Hands* on *Youth*, theſe *Youth* ſhall bear.

That Health might conſtant on your *Life* attend,
Which You in *Holy Duties* conſtant ſpend;
That You might many *Viſitations* ride,
And for your *Church* in ev'ry Part provide;
Whilſt you beſtow your *Benedictions* round,
And with your *Preſence Hereſies* confound.

O could we Pray as well as He that taught
The * *Lambeth Families* to be Devout!
And that our *Lives* unblemiſh'd were like His!
Then we might truſt, that Heav'n would grant us This.

We beg, *My Lord*, You'd make our *Wiſhes* known,
And plead our Cauſe before your *Father's Throne.*
We know you daily for our Welfare pray;
But not, perhaps, as we deſire You may.
We wiſh Your *Life* a Length of *Hoary Age*;
And that your *London* may that *Life* engage.
Were Theſe the Subjects, when You intercede,
You'd for your *Churches* greateſt *Int'reſt* plead.

* Alluding to a Treatiſe, call'd *Family Devotion*, written by his Lordſhip for the Uſe of *Lambeth* Pariſh, when he was Miniſter there.

Your *Life* might many *Infidels* Convert,
Whilſt You by *Works* ſo well your *Faith* aſſert.
Your *Sermons'* Heav'nly *Eloquence* might force
As many more to quit a vicious Courſe.
Your *Conduct Thouſands* gone Aſtray Reſtore,
And *Thoſe* within your *Fold* Confirm the more.

Fain would I now the *Saint* at length portray
And all his *Graces* in my Verſe diſplay.
But hold my *Muſe*. Thou know'ſt not what Thou doſt,
Perhaps the *Saint* already takes Diſguſt
At Theſe, tho' modeſt Praiſes of thy Pen;
Since He ſo much declines the Praiſe of *Men*.
Thoſe *Graces* Thou art forward to reveal,
His *humble Soul* is ſtudious to conceal.
In *Grace* the Richeſt, as in *Wealth*, don't care
The *World Abroad* ſhould know how Rich They are:
Howe'er there comes a *Day*, that *Final Day*,
That will each *Grace* within his *Soul* diſplay.
Then ſhall the *Secrets* of his Life be read,
And *Saints* ſhall wonder at the *Life* he led,
And at the bright *Reward* that then ſhall crown his *Head*.

When

When like a First-rate *Star* among the Bleſt,
He far outſhines, and dims around the reſt.

Pardon, *Great Man*, a Bard in Ruſtick Lays,
That durſt attempt th'~~Immortal~~ *GIBSON*'s Praiſe.
Your *Worth*, which all the World in *Proſe* proclaim,
Inſpir'd him to attempt in *Verſe* the ſame.
A *Britiſh Muſe*, unus'd to Foreign Spoil,
Brings you the Product of your *Native Soil*.
And ſo whate'er you find herein amiſs,
Remember your *Britannia* ſends you This.
The *Poets* ſure can't cenſure ſuch a *Muſe*,
If her Attempts, their Silence Wants excuſe.
Had ſome *Great Pen* the *Lofty Theme* eſſay'd,
I ſhould as much as they my Muſe upbraid.
Howe'er they judge, ſhould theſe mean *Rhimes* but rouſe
Some *Famous Bard*, the *Subject* to eſpouſe,
And in *Immortal Lines* your *Praiſe* tranſmit
To Future Times, I have not vainly writ.
Tho' Your own Deathleſs Works, I own, in Proſe,
To lateſt Ages will your Worth diſcloſe,
Should All the Poets your Deſerts oppoſe.

FINIS.